PASTORALS.

After the ſimple Manner of

THEOCRITUS.

By Mr. *PURNEY.*

Παντᾶ Ἔαρ, παντᾶ ἢ Νομοί, παντᾶ ἢ γάλακτος
Οὔθατα πλήθουσιν, κὴ τὰ Νέα τρέφεται.

Theoc.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Brown, at the *Black Swan* without *Temple-Bar*, and R. Burleigh, in *Amen-Corner*. 1717.

Price One Shilling.

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Ἄρχε Θάλεια, συναυλίαν ἀν Νύμφαις σύναυλον ἀείδωμεν.
Οὐδὲν ἀνάξιον, ἢν τὸ Νίκιον τερψόμεθα.

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ADVERTISEMENT

Concerning the

LANGUAGE.

R. *Dryden* much admires *Shakeſpear's* Tempeſt; In that Comedy, new PERSONAGES are introduced; for whom, he thinks, the Poet has invented a Language equally uncommon. True it is, that ſuch is the Precept of a CRITICK, in no ſmall repute. *Be the Language, ſays Quinctilian, alway ſuited to the*

Matter. True it alſo is, that † *Homer* uſed the moſt ruſtick Words, drawn from the *Beotians*; *Virgil*, from *Ennius*, in his HEROICKS, render'd his Language uncommon; *Milton*, *Shakeſpear*, *Spencer*, and our contemporary *Paſtoral Writers*, by reviving the antiquated *Engliſh* terms, by chuſing and culling the fineſt Words of our Glorious ANCESTORS. In the Steps of theſe, our Swain has ventur'd to tread; and where the Phraſe in uſe was not ſuited to the ſoftneſs and ſimplicity of his CHARACTERS, as he is acquainted with the Dialect of moſt Counties in *England*, has from thence drawn the tendereſt Expreſſions, as he thought, and beſt adapted to the ſimplicity of his ſentiments. Induced, I ſuppoſe, to take theſe Liberties in Paſtoral, by what that excellent Judge of Poetry Mr. *Addiſon*, has laid down on that Poem. How beautiful, ſays he, is the old Paſtoral BALLAD, beginning thus,

§ RAGER *go vetch tha* * *Kee, or elſe tha Zun*
Will quite be go, be vore c'have half a don.

* Or Cows.

And into Language how much finer than the Author's, has he turn'd a Thought of *Virgil*.

And

† *See* DION. HALICARN: *who admires him on that Account.*

§ *See* Guardians. *N:* 22, 23, 30 *and* 40.

And what that hight, which girds the Welkin ſheen,
Where twelve gay Signs in meet array are ſeen.

This great Man adds, that by imitating the ruſticity of the *Dorick*, by the help of the old obſolete *Roman* Language, *Virgil* might have attain'd as much of the Air of *Theocritus*, as *Phillips* hath that of *Spencer*, by uſing the antiquated ENGLISH.

Fewer Old-words, indeed, has our preſent Writer admitted, than are found, either in *Spencer*, or the incomparable *Paſtorals* of Mr. *Phillips*: But in return, has often made uſe of thoſe once introduced. As his CHARACTERS are particularly ſimple and tender, much alſo has he imitated *Spencer*'s manner, of changing the vulgar dreſs, as 'twere, of his Words, yet leaving the Main Body ſo as to be known. *Homer*'s manner of performing this *Ariſtotle* ſhows in the 21 Chap. of his *Poeſie*: He uſed for Πηλείδε, Πηληϊάδεω; and for Κείθη, Κεῖ, *&c.* *Virgil* did it, by changing ILLI into OLLI, and the like. *Milton* by altering HERMIT into EREMITE; ENTERPRIZE into EMPRIZE, *&c.* And *Spencer* by affixing *y* and *a* before, and *en*, *et*, *ie*, after his Words; which gives an inexpreſſible ſoftneſs to, without hiding the Language.

ADVERTISEMENT,

This Liberty every good heroick Writer has taken; And well knew *Spencer*, that Paſtoral ſtill more required it. He has given us, in his *Fairy-Queen*, a new Language: The reaſon muſt be, becauſe his Scene lyes in a new Place. But how much more has he done it in his Paſtorals.

* *D'acier*, and many Frenchmen, complain of the penury and ſtiffneſs of their Language, thro' the want of this. And Mr. *Addiſon* obſerves, that the ancient *Romans* did the like. Yet muſt I confeſs, that even among the Paſtoral Writers, no one but *Theocritus*, *Spencer*, and our preſent *Britiſh* Swains, durſt ever venture themſelves in this Paſtoral Path, being affraid and unwilling to forgo that Honour which either a refin'd Language or a ſublime one procures: But then muſt we add, that from thence it is, that no Critick, but who dares not ſtir a ſtep without Leading-ſtrings, as *Scaliger*, *Rapin*, &c, has ever allow'd any elſe to be Paſtoral Writers.

But is any One diſſatisfied with our rural STILE, read he a full Vindication of one much more ſo: ſuch he'll find before † *Spencer*'s Paſtorals; and by his Friend Mr. *Harvey*. For who knows not, that

* *Among other places, in the Preface to her* HOMER.
† *Folio Edition.*

that his Language was equally uncommon in his Day, and in *Our's*; Our TONGUE receiving no visible Alteration in one hundred Years. This appears from *Ben. Johnson*, *Hooker*, *Our Common-Prayer Book*, &c.

The Reader will obſerve I here only bring ſome few *Authorities*; The reaſon that I my ſelf decline laying down any thing concerning the true Paſtoral Language is, becauſe we ſhall ſee, I believe, a Diſcourſe in a ſhort time on the Nature of this kind of Poetry. Where that TENDER in the Language, which is agreeable to Paſtoral, will be conſidered; and diſtinguiſh'd from the TENDER which is ſuitable to the Epick, and that which the Tragick Poem requires.

Conclude we then with what the Learned *Baſil Kennet* ſays, in his Life of *Theocritus*, after ſpeaking of his ruſtick Stile. *As for our ſelves*, SAYS HE, *the* SCOTCH-SONGS, *which paſs with ſo much Applauſe, ſhow, that it is not impoſſible to revive this old Conduct among Us with Succeſs.*

POSTSCRIPT.

AS for the MORAL and ACTIONS in each of the following *Paſtorals*, (for Action is the only *Unity* to be kept in that Poem) they lye obvious to every Eye. But as the Paſtoral does not paint the CHARACTERS ſo lively as the tragick or epick Poem, thoſe of our Shepherdeſſes are ſpecified in the *Arguments*. And this for the eaſe of the SOFT-SEX, whoſe Favour and Approbation our young SWAIN ſeems particularly deſirous of.

ARGUMENT.

ARGUMENT.

CUBBIN, *the Writer ſo call'd, was acquainted with* PAPLET *and* SOFLIN. *All Young was* PAPLET *and ignorant of Love;* SOFLIN *more experienc'd, but equally tender and innocent. The firſt eager to be let into the Nature and Manner of Lovers and the other* SEX; *The other of a Temper particularly free and inclining. Theſe, as* CUBBIN *was inform'd, were at Evening gone out to a* BUSH *of a ſweet and pleaſant Scituation, to tattle of Love, and of* COLLIKIN SOFLIN'S *Lover. In pain is* CUBBIN, *leaſt the gentle* PAPLET *ſhould fall in Love with him too, and goes forth to skulk near the* BUSH *to hear if it indeed was ſo. There does the latter part of their Diſcourſe, which alone he hears, confirm the hear-ſay. When the gloom of Night draws on, they go to bath and cool 'em in* EDEN *Brook. There is* PAPLET *ſolitary and muſing; and thence, ig-*

norant

ARGUMENT.

norant of her Ail, returns alone, by Moonſhine to the BUSH: *For there* COLLIKIN, *that Morn, had loll'd with his* LOVE. CUBBIN *ſoon diſcovers her uneaſineſs; forſakes his Covert to attempt her relief; But endeavouring to divert her thoughts from* COLLIKIN, *is chid from her ſight. So being averſe to her Cure, ſhe falls intirely in Love.*

The time, in this PIECE, is from *Noon* to *Night*; The Seaſon *Summer*; and the Scene on the Banks of the Brook *Eden*; which runs out of the *Medway*, ſome Miles Weſt of TUNBRIDGE in *Kent*.

PAPLET.

PAPLET:

OR,

Love and Innocence.

PASTORAL the I.

ΦΕΙΔΕΟ τᾶς θήρας, μηδ' ἐς τόδε τώρνεον ἔρχευ.

Bion. 2.

A Gentle Swain yfed in *Kentiſh* Mead,
The gentleſt Swain that ever Flock did feed.
Soft he beſide the Stream of EDEN lay,
And graz'd abie the Banks of fair MEDWAY.

Up

Line 1. YFED. a, *and* y (*pronounc'd as* e) *before Words, and* en, et *and* ie, *after, are for ſoftneſs of ſound.*

Up with the Morn, as lith as Lark, he'd riſe;
And *Cubbin* he, ſo ſaid him Shepherd Boys.

So as he ſate, with LASS or toys the YOUTH;
Or ſoft he ſooth's, for ſoft can *Cubbin* ſooth.
There ſweetly oped each Flower the little Lip,
Freſh Honey-dew and Evening Air to ſip.

Cade. Or, *Cade-Lamb.* Was, when his CADE he'd kiſs, and pretty play:
Lea. Or, *Green.* Or bath in *Brook*, then roll on tender *Lea*.

Sooth! would too RHIMES go make as looſe he lay,
(Though God-wot, to make RHIMES ſmall Wit had he.)
And wont out-ſcrawl and print 'em on the *Sand*,
All as he lay along with Crook in Hand.

Poor Pen, you'll ſay: — Ay and poor Poet too!
But 'lack, muſt do what *Heaven* will have Us do.

Yet

Yet happy he, in time, found means to mark
His witleſs Tattle on a MAPLE'S BARK:
But ah, how ſhould he, poor Boy, 'ere find out,
Lines near enough to deck his TREE about.
Forc'd was he Swains o'rehear behind ſome balk,
Then on his TREE go print the tender Talk.

Late he abie a Place of Pleaſure lay,
All fairly deckt in Sweets of faireſt MAY:
Where ſilkie Thighs in Dew *Graſs-hoppers* bath'd;
And merry cherruping, ſo roſie breath'd.
Ye *Surrey* Swains! and *Surrey* Swains have bliſs;
I dare Ye ſhow ſo ſoft a SHADE as this!
Atween the dewie Leaves as Air was blown,
The dewie Leaves yquivered every one.

The why he came here was all for two Maids,
He thought, were chatting nigh, of Love and Lads.
He came the one to warn, that *Youngling-breaſt*
The leſs did know of Love, did love the leſs.
Pity'd her the ſoft Swain: to warn he ſtrove,
Leſt the young HEART might hap to fall in love.

Foreby him ſate theſe Maids in looſe Array,
As fair and freſh as Summer Eve might ſee.
Sweet gay-green Flowers, ſo pretty put anear,
The Pink and Pancet pretty put anear.
Soſlin and *Paplet* they; (ah dainty THEY!)
That ripe as Roſe, this a ſoft-aged MEY.

Both

Line 12. *A ſoft-aged* MEY. *or* MAI; *the* D *left out*; *is here uſed for one younger than we commonly mean by the Word* MAID, *ſuppoſe a Laſs of* 13 *or* 14 *Years old. Tho'* Chaucer *uſes it indifferently, as it has not the vulgarneſs of* Maid, *and is of a ſound particularly ſweet and ſimple.*

Both lith as *Youngling Roe*, all-tender too
As *Ladybird* that lives on twinkling Dew.

Paplet, a CHRISTIAN's and a JEWES's Child,
Scarce five Year old, was laid, to ſtarve in Field;
For that the BABE they could no longer hide:
But all by hap an anciant SIRE it ſpy'd;
Juſt ſtarving; for the tender Teeth been broak,
As twould crack Nutt: It ſmiled when up he took;
Oh ſweet my Father reach that bough of HIPS!
What muſt I do, ah how I've ſcratch'd my Lips!
He tookt to's *Cave*; and pull'd the Thorns all out
Her pretty Feet; they bled with walk about.
There brought her up with *Florey* freſh his Son,
Who hunts wild Beaſts, 'tis what they live epon.

Now

Line 3. Paplet, *a Chriſtian's*, &c. *She would have diſcover'd their Marriage, and occaſion'd the* JEWES's *Death by their Laws.*

Now ſick if *Sire* or *Son*, ſhe moans him meet,
Soft tend's, with cheary Chat, and ſoothing ſweet

These gentle HEARTS ſmall thought were *Cubbin* lay;
In ſooth ſome halfendeal undeckt they be.
Honey-lip Gales ſoft breathed on their Hair,
Waved their Cloaths, and did their Boſoms bare.
And well Iwis, as bare their boſoms, all
The Flowerets out that decked 'em did fall.

A Willow on the bank upheld their Heads,
(Oh happy Tree, to hold ſuch lovely Maids!)
A ſoothing ſhade the roſie Sweetbreer gave;
Where ſang the Bird that ſings ſo ſoft at Eve.

i. e. *The Nightingale.*

Believe

Line 7. *And well* Iwis, &c. *The Words*, WIS, WEET, *and* WEEN, *all ſignify to think or imagin.*

Believe Me now, thus ſhow'd they; by my fay
As lovely ſhow'd, as Lilly on the *Lea*!
But ſure that *Paplet* was the tend'reſt Laſs!
Well ween I *Cubbin* lay at little Eaſe.
So ſoft ſhe ſeem'd! By Heav'n ſeem'd more than ſoft!
Her Lip to touch he wiſh'd him, O how oft!
Now ſoothly *Paplet* was the tend'reſt *Mey*!
Ah God! I ſmall ween'd could ſo tender be!
Some-deal her Paps been pufft, that ſooth might ſeem
The LITTLE LIFE now juſt of Love gan dream.

Now ſay me, Shepherds, who could help ha' ſtrove,
To ſave ſo ſweet a HEART from pain of Love?
Love is a gentle pain, a pretty pain:
He came to keep from loving *Soſlie's* Swain.

124

Soſlin was fair as Morning DROP is fair,
And *Paplet* tender as the Evening Air.

When chatted they, ſo ſweet their chatting were!
Oh I could hear, methought, for ever hear!
On FELLOW firſt, then TREE, they pretty loll;
Quiver their little Lips, their Eyen roll.

Sooth, ever and anon, as *Soſlin* ſpoak,
Paplet in extaſie would hide her LOOK.
Then asken more; yet ſhamed to asken more,
(Of MEN and LOVE) but long'd to know ſo ſore.
Sometimes ſhe'd fling her ſelf epon the Graſs:
Then up, and catch in Arms her *Fellow-laſs*.
Why may'nt we Men, yquoth the youngling MEY,
And why may'nt we graſp them? Us graſpen they!
So pleaſed ſhe was, and eager ſtill to know,
In ſooth ſo pleaſed, ſhe knew not what to do.

But

But ill I ſay how ſweet the Laſſes ſate,
Oh that you'd ſeen 'em, I'd give any what!
This ſooth I ſay (for ſooth the Shepherds ſay)
Soft ſimpering thus ſaid the YOUNGLING MEY.
The meaning of the MEY no whit I ween.
I'm ſure, when near I came, juſt thus ſhe ſain.

Paplet.

NOW much I marl: 'Tis pretty; if tell Truth!
But ſay; Ha, Ha! Be HE ſo ſoft in ſooth?

Soflin.

My gentle MEY, he is of gentleſt mood.
Oh that he were my BROTHER! ſure I would
Taken his Hand and tender lead him in,
Whenſo he to the diſtant Field had been.

There pretty ſtroak his Hand, Ne have it ſaid
See *Soſlin* there, O ſee! A fawning Maid!
In his ſoft Boſom I my Hand would ſlip,
And hang epon the ſweetneſs of his Lip.

Paplet.

Don't, *Soſlin*, don't! how can'ſt talk ſo? Lips ſweet;
How meaneſt ſweet? How doen know be ſweet?

Soſlin.

All as a-green I walk with *Collikin*,
The lovely'ſt Lad that ever walk'd a-green.
Ifbe I'm fray'd by Flood, by Boar or Bull,
He ſooth's me ſoft, and calls me ſofteſt Soul.
Be it not pretty? b'lieve me, *Pap*, he doth!
And holds me 'neath his lilly Arm now ſooth!
And ſweet the Swain my Hand in his will nip,
Then kiſs me with the kiſſes of his Lip.

So

So ſave me, SWEET, as truth I tell, when ſay
(Why tareſt the Flow'rs ſo fierce, my pretty MEY?)
But hear me, CHICK! I ſeemen oft be fray, *fray. Or, affraid.*
When I be not: But MAIDS ſhould ſeem they ſay.

Paplet.

And ſo; why but—and pretty'ſt be't then Maid,
Be lip'd when frayed art? I'll be afraid!

Soflin.

Prettier? Oh prettier, CHILD, than may be thought,
You mayn't hug Men, if be you fearen nought:
But ſure, ſo ſweet it is, ſo hug in Arms!
Skuttle to DEAR, and have him hide from harms!

Paplet.

No more, but then? Yet kind be Swains, you ſaid;
How kind? Mayn't kiſs. Would kiſſing kill 'em, Maid?
But ſoft! meſeem'd—oh I'd have heard for nought
Our ſimple Chat, for ours is ſimple Chat!

Soflin.

Set ſtill SWEET! Wind might wag: Or LEVERIT ruſh,
With Cock-up Ears: don't go! or Bird from buſh.

Paplet.

That *Cubbinet* I fear, for whom the MEYS
Late joyn'd, and bought a PIPEIT; all I gueſs
To buſy him, and keep from kiſſing ſo.
The Swain that whiſpers us in Ear, you know,
That he can ſing, then ſnatches a quick kiſs;
Sooth, as the *Mey* ſuſpecteth nought amiſs.
Now the poor HEART's ſo pleaſed with his Pipe!
'Fore GREAT ONES he can't hold, but lay'th to's lip.

Soflin.

I know the Swain, a tender Swain is he!
Fear him not *Paplet*, fear him not SWEET MEY.
I know the Swain, Who ſooths ſo ſoft as he!
Believe me Laſs, he'll never harm SWEET MEY.

Paplet.

Paplet.

Oh, but he often skulks a-hind a balk,
To hear the harmleſs Shepherdeſs in talk,
Then tells the Chat to SPARKS at the great-Town,
Who maken Mock at Speech of ſimple Clown.
Ne ſtrange, I trow; for ſay me, SWEET, is't fit *Ne.* Or, *Nor*
Our weetleſs *Tittletattle* weren writ?
Unkindly *Cubbinet!* untoward boy!
Elſe, by my fay! he is a GENTLE BOY.

Soſlin.

Sooth is he, but to kiſſing he's ſo given!
He'll kiſs till he's odd, and then kiſs to come even.
He'll kiſs at the Hedge, and he'll kiſs at the Gate;
He'll kiſs if the chattering Magpie but prate!

Paplet.

But how muſt do if Swain ſhould ere kiſs me?
He'll put my Arms around him, didſt not ſay:

Oh!—if to put my hands a-hind he goes:
May ſtrive pull 'way, and that will pull him cloſe!

Soflin.

Be ſure look tender, when to lip he go:
But, ſooth if ſay, 'Thou canſt not help look ſo.
That dainty dimple in thy little Cheek,
So ſoft thee ſhow's, ſo modeſt, and ſo meek!

Paplet.

Worſt is, if ever YOUNGLING caſt to lay
My hand in's boſom, 'twill ſo pretty be,
Not I know how, O I ſhan't help the fault,
But bluſh, poor ſon! how *Soflie* muſt I not?

So Paplet, *ſofteſt* Paplet, *as ſhe ſaid,*
Her ſweet-dew Lips on Soflies *Boſom laid.*

Soflin.

No help, I ween; what will be, beſt let be.
But bad in thee, my CHICK, more bad in me.

Yet

Paplet.

Yet STRIPLIN CHEEK look pretty ſo, meweet;
(All as the Roſe in bed of Lillys ſet.)
For *Florrey* late to the great-town ha' been;
But oh, when firſt me ſaw, how bluſh'd the Swain!
Cauſe why; the ſweetlip boy then caſt to kiſs;
Yet ſay me ſoft, be that ſo much amiſs?

Soflin.

If be but why, ſmall harm ybe I weet,
Colly and I late roved, Nuts to get.
I witleſs was ſo bonny and ſo brag,
(*Paplet* beware not be with Love ſo wag)
I ſcratchen Chin; ah luckleſs Laſs the when!
See here but, *Paplet*! I all ſcratch'd my Chin!
The Wound he wiped, and kiſt it 'ore and 'ore;
Why ſooth now, *Paplet*, elſe 'twould been a ſore.
Whatſo I could to bar my bluſh, I did;
Yet ween not whether ſomedeal look'd not red.

But

But 'twas allfor his Eyes ſo ſoft did ſeem:
While Honeybreath epon my Neck would ſteam.
And oh, his ringlet-locks too, where they fell
Tittled my breaſts! and I was 'ſhamed to tell.

Paplet.

Why 'ſhamed? I would ha' ſtroak'd 'em off his Face:
And ſooth now ſo, had'ſt felt how ſoft it was!
Oh pleaſant! how you've lived! Dideſt not tho'
Out's Boſom take his Locks, when in did blow?
Do let me lye A-Lea with ye, now wo't?
For oft ye ſetten ſo, Laſs, do ye not.

Softin.

This Morn ſweet ſate we 'neath this ſweet May-bough;
Ye *Kentiſh* Swains, no ſofter ſeat ye know!
The Flowers ſuck'd Honey-dew (O dainty draught!)
Soft for the Bees to ſip that ſip ſo ſoft.

Under

Under my head a hand fair laid the Boy;
Then ſinking down ycloſen ſleepie Eye.

Paplet.

Ay? ſay'ſt in ſooth? and then—why doſt not ſay?
Was it not lovely, when ſo looſe he lay?
Meſeems I ſhould ha' pleaſed with tender Tongue
Or ſooth'd, the while, with ſoftneſs of a Song.
So as ſhe ſaid (and who ſo ſweet can ſain)
Her little Leg would in her Fellow's *twine.*
Then dainty'd droppen Hand in Soſlie *Breaſt:*
Ah dainty Hand! how Cubbin *yearn'd to kiſs't!*

Soſlin.

Oh ſoft I lull'd him, ſoft as I could lull;
And in my Boſom put his Head to loll!
Sweet glow'd the while, his pretty roſie Cheek;
Smooth lay elong his Limbs, ſo ſlim and ſlieke.
Fair fed I on the fairneſs of his Face;
O *Paplet*, didſt but ween how pleaſant 'twas!

Paplet.

Paplet.

Ene. Or, *One.* I've heard 'tis dainty lye along with Ene
We love; ſay *Soflie*, be't ſo dainty then?

Soflin.

Dainty? Ay dainty more than heart may weet
Don't look at me, *Pap*, and I'll tell thee what.
I putten hand in's boſom now that be's,
So ſilkie ſoft! then gently gave't a kiſs!
Soft ſimpering ſaiden this the lovely Maid.
While Paplet *'tween her twey her hand fair had;*
Who oft would turn and ſhift, as ill at eaſe;
Cubbin *did too to ſee't. Ah careful Caſe!*

Paplet.

Stay, *Soflin*, liſt! Heard I not ſome one ſneeze
'Twas 'mong the SEDGE; faſt by thoſe murmuring *Bees!*

Soflin.

Poor CHICK, how thou doſt quake! prethee leave quake,
Sooth 'twas ſome Bird but chirp'd in th'buſhie brake

Paplet

Paplet.

Much Wonder give it me, my gentle DEAR!
Thou nought, ne any one, ſuſpecteſt 'ere.

Soſlin.

Why wouldſt have fear? I wonder why doſt warn!
When I have wrong'd, then I to fear will learn.
ure *Soſlin* none will harm; if *Soſlin* none;
nd well I ween, I never any one.
But look, ah me! how Flow'rs be blown out hair;
nd boſom too! — But LOVIE likes it bare.

Paplet.

Then do Lads like in ſooth, or ſeemen they?
ve heard ſay, YOUNGLING SWAIN will harm YOUNG MEY.
et *Florrey* looks ſo pretty and ſo pert,
ought I know how, fancy he could not hurt.
nd *Collikin*, O me! but *Collikin*,
f all the Swains, for me—he is the Swain!

Soſlin.

Soſlin.

O ſimple he's of Chear, and meek of Mein;
All-fine his Fleſh, and ſooth as ſoft his Skin!
So prettily his Words ſlip off his Tongue,
With a little waggiſh Liſp emong!
But when he ſooths too pleaſant 'tis to bear!
He kiſſes, I ask if a roſie be near!

But ſee there! *Lallet*'s CADE! how that cam
there?
Sure by the Lamb the Laſſie ſhould be near!
Oh! Well beween'd! We bath in Brook this Eve
You ſee where SPRAYS ſo ſweet a ſhadow give.
You're one; and *Lallet* Laſs ſo heavenly hewn;
And *Poppit* maiden ripe as Roſe in *June*.
This *Florey* loves; and *Fauney* freſh love that;
Cuddleit ſay ſome. Up Laſs! mayhap they wait

The

THEY go: Their Bosoms ope to th' Evening Air:
And dip their blooming Beautys fresh and fair:
They pretty play and paddle in the *Wet*:
And strow with faireſt Flow'rs the *Streamulet*;

But *Paplet* wistful was; On bank she set,
Siping the Honeysukles juicie Sweet.
But ah, her mind elsewhere! alas on love!
Oh *Soslin*, thou hast wrong'd a tender Dove!

When parted All; and All hied home; she made
As if she too; but silent by *Moonshade*,
Stale back to th' Bush; with hands in bosom laid,
(Those hands all fair as flower) and hanging head.
Mayhap (soft said she) now He goes to Bed.
I wonder how He lyes when there he's laid!

Besure

Beſure He mind's not me when 'mong the *Swains*:
O could I touch Him but, juſt touch meſeems!

Yet looked ſhe at *Moonſhine* on the *Stream*;
That twinkled fair, and ſtrove not think on him.
Muſed too on th' varying Figures made on Graſs,
By th' Light, that 'tween the waving Trees did paſs.
Where fancyeth ſhe depainten this and that,
(But all of Love) atill to th' Bush did get.

There bluſh'd when firſt it ſaw to think that ſhe
Should ſo ſteal back to th' place where *Colly* lay.
And am I then? And am I grown, ſhe ſain,
(With that gan pretty finger put in Eyen).
So ſly and falſe? Oh Heav'n! don't ſee! or do,
Forgive! — ſmall weeneth *Soſlin* where I now.

So saying on the bank adown she laid.
Just where the *Swainet* lean'd, as *Soslin* said.
Then, smiling, thus: MAYHAP his head was put
Where mine is now: Who knows? O happy Root!

This gentle *Cubbinet* did see and hear,
Waiting abie, the pretty HEART to chear.
He went to sooth her soft, and warn her how,
She thought on *Collikin.* All would not do.
Soon as she saw, she started from her seat:
Ne would she hear him Pipe, ne talk awhit.
So that he made as if went strait away;
But went no farther then afore he lay.

The dainty-limbed Lass, as soft to see,
As springing Flowrets in the Month of *May,*
Smooth laid her slender *Features* down again,
All on the sweetness of the Flowrie Plain.

Ah gentle HEART! ah HEART of prettineſs!
Where is the Dalliance, and the tender Kiſs?

Then ſigh'd out this the roſie-liped Laſs,
Soft as her Eye on Heaven yfixen was.

WHAT aileth, O what aileth thee, my Heart;
Now ſooth meſeem's thou be'ſt not as thou wer't.
Be *Collikin* (ah would he other was!)
Far fairer than the faireſt Lad or Laſs,
Yet what have I to do with *Collikin*?
Let me not be, e're be for *Soſlie*'s Pain!
Tho', methinks, were he not her's, I could well
Wiſh he were mine, Oh me, how wiſh him well!

Thus ſate the YOUNGLING MEY, till far the Night
Was ſpent, and ſooth the Moon nigh loſt her light.
Then up gan riſe; but 'ere ſhe 'gan up riſe,
Tuck'd up her Hair, and wiped her dewie Eyes.

The SOFTHEART SWAIN (for Swainets all are ſo)
Staid till he wept, and when he wept did go.
Unhappy *Soflin!* Now there love's with thee,
The ſweeteſt *Mey* that ever Sun did ſee.

All he had ſeen or heard, in head kept he,
To cut on *Crook*, or mark upon his *Tree*.
For ſure there is not who can envy that;
Not one, I ween, can envy LASSE's CHAT.
But why ſo fond of LASSES CHAT, ſay you.
Oh, had you ſeen 'em, you'd ha' been ſo too!

Ye gentle YOUTHS! who rove where led by chance,
If be on *Paplet*'s grief your Eye ſhould glance,
Think the poor Laſs miſhap enough has had;
Ah don't you add, by hating what ſhe ſaid!
Ween, if ye maken mock at it, ye make
At *Paplet* mock; don't ſo, for *Pappie*'s ſake!

End of the firſt Paſtoral.

ARGUMENT

TO THE

Second PASTORAL.

FAuney *and* Lallet *had an equal Value for each other.* Fauney *was Young, and of a moſt taking Aſpect:* Lallet *beauteous and particularly tender-hearted. Theſe walk together to a* GROVE *at hand; to taſt the pleaſance of the Seaſon, and the ſweets of each other's talk. There long they bay*

ARGUMENT, &c.

themſelves in the ſoft Delices of the Morn; the harmleſs Swain and gentle Shepherdeſs. Lallet, *at length, leaps up to gather* STRAWBERRYS *for her Lover; while he, for her, ſate plaiting Flowery Gyrlonds, and wiſhing her return. Long he ſate, and long he wiſh'd. But ſhe, to raiſe his Love, delay'd her return.* Fauney, *as ſhe was about to ſurprize and joy him with her ſight, riſes and runs to* Paplet *to enquire for her. Then 'tis that* Lallet's *ſoftneſs of heart appears. With watry Eyes ſhe rambles thro' the* GROVE; *and accuſes her ſelf of Cruelty. There find her another Lad and Laſs, endeavour to allay her Grief, and ſing a chearful* SONG *for her Diverſion. At length,* Cubbin *begs her to go home with him. She declines it, leſt it might occaſion a ſecond Uneaſineſs to* Fauney; *and reſolve's to puniſh her ſelf by ſtaying where ſhe was. She does ſo. Till* Fauney, *at length doth come. He ſkulks behind the* CAVE *ſhe ſat in, and hears how uneaſy ſhe was for making him ſo. Anon he ſurprizes her with his ſight, drys up her Tears and conducts home in the height of* GOOD-HUMOUR.

As for the Time, tho' it begins in the Morning, the main of this Paſtoral is in the EVENTIDE, and the Moon-light Night that ſucceeds. The Seaſon *Midſummer-Day.* And the 1 Scene, a delightful Grove near *Lynheath.*

LALLET;

LALLET;

OR,

The Tender Shepherdeſs.

PASTORAL the II.

ΣΤΕΡΓΕΤΕ δ᾽υμμες αἰῖτας, ὁ γὰρ Θεὸς οἵδε δικάζειν.

Theoc.

Auney and *Lallet*, this as fair
As Flower, that freſh as Evening Air;
One Holy-Morning had in head,
To trip to *Lynheath* roſie Mead.
He one hand laid in Boſom bare:
Her Cloaths faſt fluttered in Air.

Sweard. Or, Graſs-plat.

Sang he and whiſtled ore the SWEARD:
She limber leap'd, as blith as Bird.

O dainty Violet! ſaid he,
Simp'ring, and ſtooping on the LEA,
Thee little Laſs, ah happy thee!
Adown her Boſom letten be.
Then, for he'd give a MEY the Flower,
The Stripling kiſt it o're and o're.

Lallet was meek and ſweet of Mein;
Tender as Evening Air ybeen.
Soothly, a-froſty Morns ſhe'll ſet
Her WINDOW ope, and much of Meat:
Then, oh how ſhe will cherrup fair,
The gentle BIRDS out eager Air.

Thus

Thus merry the two triped it:
I can but ſmile to think how ſweet!

Strait *Fauney* ſtep'd afore, to ſee
The where the ſofteſt Seat might be.

Abie *Lin-heath* yſpread's a BOUGH,
The ſweeteſt ſure the Bee doth know.
There uſe the Shepherds freſh yfare,
To bay their Boſoms in cool Air;
And ſip the Dew off SWEET-BREER ROSE:
There often *Cubbinet* too goes.

Now, ſweet the Swain here lay at eaſe;
Waiting the Lilly-footen Laſs.
She, ſlim-made PRETTYONE, her hied
Over the Green, as brisk as Bride.

Her

Her fine Dew-laping VEST, with Care,
One Hand did hold; one Flowerets fair
A-boſom put, ſoft Paps emong,
As ſoft, as Drop on Hawthorn hung.

The Shepherd ſaw her far away;
And ſweet ſhe ſliggar'd by my Fay!
Then ſimpering ſaid, as came anigh;
Oh what a merry Laſs am I!
He'll pick 'em all out, when doth ſee,
While I with's RINGLETHAIR may play!
He'll ſay I'm ſweeter, pick each Flower;
So I ſhall play amoſt an Hour!
Well was it ween'd now by my Fay;
O what a merry Laſs am I!

But ſhe off *Faunc* was ſo far,
That he no whit of this might hear.

Now

Now they're together ſet ſo ſweet,
How ſhall I ſay how ſoft and ſweet!
The Swainet ope's his BREAST to th' Air;
And calls his Love to fan it fair.
Then for her Pains her Lip ſoft ſmack's,
And right's and ſmooth's her HONEY-LOCKS.
Sooth, now the Laſs gan like a Kiſs;
But claps her dimple Cheek to his,
And whiſper's ſoft, MUCH Marl I how,
Fauney, thou can'ſt love kiſſing ſo.

Thus lovely lay the gentle PAIR,
Soft as the Mid-day *Goſſamer*:
Strait *Lallet* riſes, and will hie
To gather STRAWBERRYS abie.
I prethee, ſaid ſhe, ſmiling ſweet,
Stay here, and here I'll ſee thee ſtrait.

She

She goes: The Shepherd ill can brook,
To loſe the Pleaſance of her Look.
But roſe anon; and Flowers gan pick,
Aſide a Spring, her Breaſt to deck.
Then down agen ſate on the Soft;
And look'd for *Lallet* oft and oft.
O me! How fine a Flower is this;
Sooth ſhe ſhan't ha't without a Kiſs!
Flig'ring he ſaid; and pleas'd himſelf,
That he ſhould pleaſe his darling Elf.

Thus long he ſate; ſtill wondring why
She came not; but ſhe then was by;
The Laſs ſtood by; ſtood 'hind a Bough;
Laughing, to think what he would do,
When found ſhe came not. Now, ſhe ſain,
Had I the Heart to give him Pain!

Emey

Emey I've heard say, I know not,
Love dearer be the dearer bought.
A little whit howe're I'll wait;
'Twill pain him but a little whit.

The gentle Shepherd easeless was;
Turning and shifting on the GRASS.
When *Paplet* saw he, YOUNGLING-LASS,
Soft of Heart and fair of Face.
Full far away he saw, and ran
To know if *Lallet* she had seen;
And walk'd awith her, grieved sore,
Till his own DEAR could see no more.

When *Lallet* saw, a-thro' her BOUGH,
The fair-framed he to *Paplet* go;
Ah God, how yearn'd the harmless Heart!
How griev'd, that she should give him smart!

But

But when he out of ſight did go,
Alaſs, ſhe knew not what to do.
For ſhamed after him to run,
Thinking he now was angry grown.

With pretty carefulneſs in Face,
Walk'd, ne knew where, the dainty Laſs.
Nought minding now her little CADE;
Though't ſtop't her, as afore her plaid.
Ne when ſhe made Mouth bleed with kick,
Left it, but ſoft her Footen lick.
Poor FOOL! It ſtay her would, tho' whip'd;
Mayſeem it lack'd ſo ſore be lip'd.
For't uſed lye in LAP elong,
And touch her Boſom with the Tongue.

Thus rov'd the dainty-leged Laſs,
All till the EVE drew on apace.

Then

Then down ſhe laid her Limbs ſo ſliek;
And to the cold Ground clap'd her Cheek.
Oh I hard Heart! I worſe than Wolf!
(Then ſaid) to pain ſo gentle ELF!
Ah how could I, how could I tho'
Go harm poor HEART? he work'd no Wo!——
But here do let me ſtop, for why,
I want to wipe my tearie Eye.

Scene 2. *A* GRASS-PLAT *half encloſed by a Streamulet.*

The Swain ſo ſoft (for ſoft be Swains)
Who pipes ſo pretty on the Plains;
I need'nt tell ye who he is,
The Laſſes know him by his KISS.
At Eve did come, with YOUNGLING MEY.
A-to the Grove where *Lallet* lay.

The

The why he hither came was this;
Paplet he won to take a Kiſs:
I'll have, quoth ſhe, a SONG for th' Kiſs;
Thou ſha't, quoth he, and one for this.

So here they came, as did befall,
To ſing elong with NIGHTINGALE.
Here Violets ypicketh he,
To deck the boſom of the MEY.
When lo! he hear's a murmuring tone;
May ſeem ſome Young Laſs made her moan.
Never will I, full well ywis,
Give pain agen! I've paid for this.
Oh, if he leaven love, ah god!
How ſhall I name a thing ſo bad?
Oh, if he leave to love farewell,
Farewell for ever, ought but Ill!

Heav'd the Swain's Breaſt for pity oft,
Unhappy Swain to be ſo ſoft!
Ached his Heart, to hear her ſmart,
Unhappy Swain to have ſuch Heart!
Ynethered he creeps anear,
Still as a Spirit or as Air.
But could not well tell where ſhe lay,
'Mongſt many a Breer and many a Tree,
Which dusk'd in GLOOM Moon's waining Ray;
Ah *Lallet*, how there can'ſt thou lay!
A Stream half cloſed a Plat of Graſs;
And made a ſweet a pleaſant Place.

Here (woe-the-worſe!) as nigh drew he;
He ſaw what made him ſad to ſee.
A gentle Laſs a-neath a BOUGH:
Should gentle Laſs be laid ſo low?

Twey Lips ſhe had, now ſooth I ſay,
Like CHERRIES, and as ſoft as they.
A dainty Bluſh on Cheek was too,
The prettieſt Bluſh, no MEYS bluſh ſo.

The harmleſs Shepherd to her ſped,
And took in Arms the harmleſs Maid.
But oh! when took in Arms the Laſs,
Witneſs me God, how wo he was!
And is it then? and is't quoth he,
Lallet, the gentle *Lall* I ſee?
The dainty Daughter of the GLEN?
Help me, ye Heavens, to ſpeak my Pain!

He ſtroak'd her Locks, all wet with Miſt,
Out Boſom, then her Boſom kiſt.

Why ſooth 'twas ſoft, as Bird in Buſh,
He kiſt ſo ſoft, and bad not bluſh.

Yſoothing breath'd the ſweet-lip'd Air
On pretty Paps, and waved her Hair.
In VEST her Face ſhe wimpled.
On tender Boſom hung the Head.
Tell me, ye gentle STRIPLINGS tell!
If ſuiten Laſs ſo lovely wail?
O tell me! ſhould ſhe, ay or no,
Letten the Air her VEST yblow?
Her ſlender VEST the Air ſo blew,
That might ſee lilly Limbs athro'.

Cubbin was griev'd, ye can't think how,
To ſee her ſoil her Beauty ſo.
Her Beauty freſh gan Bloom, and 'ope
Its baſhful Boſom to th' DEW-DROP.

Her pretty Paps, like cluſtring Grapes,
A-thro' her VEST ſoft ſhow'd their Shapes.

Then did the Swain, ſo fair and fine,
Ywipe her Tears out pretty Eyen.
Set her more ſoft, and ſoothing ſweet,
Ask'd her how could ſo fair CHEEKS wet?

He chears; but ah! ſhe will no chear;
Down drops her Head on Boſom bare.
Chiding the gentle NIGHTINGALE,
That ſang ſo ſoft its ſofteſt Tale.

Then *Paplet* ask'd her this and that;
Who gave her grieve? Why ſo ſhe ſate?
The ſloe-eyed SWEETONE noted none;
But looked at the waining Moon.

Tho'

Tho' little SPARROW with her was,
And ſoft it ſate in Neck of Laſs.
Sooth, in her lilly Face 'twould look,
A pretty fliggar when ſhe ſpoak.
See the ſweet FON, quoth YOUNGLING-MEY;
I prethee turn and with it play!
Alack the Day! quoth *Lallet* fair,
The lovely Lad will love elſewhere!
And clap'd her Face to th' dewie Graſs,
The faireſt Face that ever was.

The ſweet Balm-breathing *Paplet* chear'd,
Soft as the Song of EVENING BIRD.
Then ſtroaked up the Locks of th' Laſs;
And ſpoak her thus as gave a kiſs.

Paplet.

Poor DEAR! It gives me pine with pain,
To ſee poor DEAR ſo wond'rous wain.
Ah wo-a-way! Come gentle Maid,
In *Paplet*'s Boſom loll thy Head!
Come, ſoft thy careful Caſe CHILD tell.
And can a Lover give ſuch wail?

Lallet.

Oh, had I pained but my ſelf,
Inſtead of him, poor harmleſs ELF!

Paplet.

See, Laſs! that pretty Springlet fair!
Hark, how ſweet chirp's the GRASSHOPPER!
There ſet we, SWEET! There may'ſt thou tell,
On ſofteſt Flowers, thy tender Tale.

Lallet.

Ah what are Flowers or Spring to me:
Oh good! how fair my LAD would lay!

How

How looſe we lean'd the livelong Day!
How wont I with his Boſom play!

Her dainty CHEEK, with that ſame Word,
From off the Green ſhe pertly rear'd.
But as gan think what ſhe had done,
Poor HEART down flapped it agen.

The dabling DEW fell all emong,
Her buding Breaſts ſo fair and young;
Her buding Breaſts, that bloomie grew,
Soft ſhrinked at the dabling DEW.

At lenth, howe're, the tender Twey
Won her to riſe from off the LEA.
Quoth *Cubbin*, Prethee to my COTT,
Let's go; refreſh thee there awhit.

Oh no, ſaid ſhe, I late did pain
The lovelieſt Lad, the ſweeteſt Swain:
Not for the World! might he not now,
To know I'm there, be grieved too?
But thro' the Grove ſhe trip'd it, and
The Shepherd lead her by the Hand.

Scene 3. *A* CAVE *in middle of the Wood.*

The gentle Lad, and Laſs ſo fair,
Thus ſoft did ſooth, for ſoft they were:
His Lips gan bloom with tender Hair,
Her Paps yſprouted freſh and fair.
At lenth the wailing SWEETONE they
Bring where ſhe ſafe and looſe might lay.

A Cave there is by IDLEHILL,
Ye know the Place where Shepherds loll:
There *Fauney* often goes; I gueſs,
To hear the Lark, or toy with Laſs.

A SWEETBREER dainty o're it ſpread;
That Roſes bore, and caſt a Shade.
Abie it ran a Rivolet;
Painted with Sky and Flowers ſo ſweet.
To this the lilly-finger'd Laſs,
Soft wailing, pointed as did paſs.
May ſeem ſhe wiſh'd to ſet in th' CAVE;
Her Love might thither hap to rove.

Thither the Silver-ſhapen Laſs,
Soft triped it with eaſy Pace.
The SHRUBS afore her ſprinkled Dew;
As eaſy Air atween 'em flew.
Thro' Boughs the MOONLIGHT fair beſeen,
Sweet checkered the Graſſie Green.
Cubbin went firſt to make the way;
And after trip'd the fine-limb MEX.

First gan ope Lip the little Lass,
The sweetest Lip that ever was.
See, gentle WAILER; See, my SWEET!
I've crop'd a Rose and Violet.
Here let me stick it in thy Breast!
She stuck it there, and then it kist.

Well were, quoth *Cubbin* (all elong
Laying him soft) we had a SONG.
Paplet shall shrill some lovely Lay;
And *Paplet*'s sweet as *Musk* in *May*.
Then first the Dew-eye'd Wailer rear'd,
Her hanging Head as quick as Bird.
She lack'd 'em sore to sing, I weet,
Of *Fauney*; yet was shamed to say't.

Agreed, quoth sweet-lip'd *Paplet* quick;
But thou thy UNDERSONG sha't make.

And

And ſure we ſo ſhall *Lallet* pleaſe.
You lye on that ſide I on this, ?

Paplet.

Ariſe my FAIRONE, come away!
Freſh be the Flowers the Groves as gay.
Early ariſe, e're LARK gin's ſing!
We'll ſee how well the VIOLETS ſpring.

Paplet and Cubbin's Song to Lallet.

Cubbin.

Come FAIRONE, be thou like the Roe!
That leaping o're the HILLS doth go.
Come down the Gardens, to the Grove!
We'll hear the TURTLE in his Love.

Then FAUNEY *ſang they, what he was;*
And could ſuch Lad 'ere leave his Laſs?

Paplet.

Fauney doth rove like airy ROE;
Arm'd with a Quiver and a Bow.

In every SHADE he ſoft doth ſet;
And bay's in every STREAMULET.

Cubbin.

Fauney's the Joy of every Laſs;
All meek's his Mind as fair his Face.
Fauney is freſh as EVENING-SKY;
With ſmall red Mouth and twinkling Eye.
Then ſoft they ſang to ſhew the Laſs,
No ſlight Miſhaps made Love the leſs.

Paplet.

Once clomb I for MAYBOUGH, by hap,
Cuddleit, the while, abie did trip.
He help'd me down, and ſooth'd me ſweet;
Shrew me if w'ont agen up get!

Cubbin.

Once *Soflin* tript, and fell elong;
I ſpy'd her lye ſweet Flowers emong:

A Kiss I gave her as she lay;
Then lift her up and went away.

Thus sang the Twey their tender Tale;
Sweet as the Breath of Nightingale.
While the fair Wailer lowly laid,
And hung adown her pretty Head.
Then *Cubbin* took the Hand of th' Lass,
And said, soft-smiling in her Face.
I prethee *Lallet* go with me!
Why *Fauney*'s far enough away!
Oh, kind my Lad! Leave ask, quoth she;
Or bid go lye on yon wet Lea!
Could I have Heart to pain poor Ele,
And shan't I have to pain my self?

She said; small thinking how the while
Fauney was near: Soft did he smile,

To

To hear the gentle-hearted Laſs:
In VEST ſhe wrapt her lilly Face:

Forth crep he ſoft, of lovely Look;
Pleas'd as the hunted HART at Brook.
Cubbin and *Paplet* beck'ned firſt;
Then claſpt his Arms round *Lallet*'s WASTE:

So looſe her held the roſie Boy,
That ſhe not dreamed any nigh.

Anon adown her ſelf ſhe threw,
And gan to weep and wail anew.
Ah God! but how ſhe looked then!
Is it? and is't my gentle SWAIN?
Like ſtarted Hare ſhe leap'd aloft;
Like eaſy Sleep he ſeiz'd her ſoft.

Together

Together thro' the WOOD they paſs;
With eachen Lad his pretty Laſs.
Merry as Lamkins on the LEA,
And well ye know how merry they.

So, all is well agen then now,
Lallet's as pleas'd as Bird on Bough.
Then what remains, ye STRIPLINGS, now;
But that you ſmile and be ſo too?
More bleſs'd to make's alone in you;
Can ye diſlike what LASSES do?
Much Wo has had the fairfaced DEAR,
Do, pity her becauſe ſhe's fair.

The End of the Second Paſtoral.

N. B. THE Writer of theſe Pieces, has ſeveral of the like by him. His Friends were very importunate for their attending theſe into the World. But he thought if he could find Pardon for thruſting two upon the TOWN, 'twould be Honour enough. Nor had he conſented ſo far, but thro' their repreſenting to him, that Innocence and Simplicity were here ſet in an engaging Light. And would any one, thro' this ſlight Attempt, have a kinder Thought of that *harmleſs Modeſty* in our CHARACTERS; or be hereby induced to deſire our Age might, in ſome meaſure, reſemble thoſe drawn; our young Swain would think his firſt Step not entirely taken amiſs.

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